

See Red

TaTa

Grrah, grrah (Grrah, grrah)
Everything dead (Bitch, everything dead)
4-1 shots to the head, bitch (Grrah, grrah)
(24 is the G.O.A.T)
On bro, boom, boom, boom
Boom, boom
Grrah, grrah (Everything dead)
(It's Carter, dickhead)
Like

How you dissin'? Like four of yo' homies is dead (What the f*ck?)
I send one of my niggas, kill all of y'all niggas
I see a opp then I see red (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
With this pencil, fill 'em up wit' lead (Damn)
Bend through the opps, I'm tryna catch em rec'
How you smokin' my dead and I don't got no dead?
They know my bop, Mr. Everything-Dead
She wanna come over, I left her on read (What the f*ck?)
Niggas p*ssy (On bro)
I'm a veteran, niggas is rookies (Sit down)
Big knocker, you can't book me (Grrah-grrah, boom)
Walk in the party, and I got 'em lookin' (On bro)
Nig-Niggas be runnin' they mouth on the media
I run into niggas, yeah, it's lit (Bitch)
Bitches be gettin' ahead of they self
I don't care if you pretty, suck my dick, grrah
I'm wit' 'Lato, rollin' up Gelato (Oh, damn)
Niggas p*ssy and opp niggas follow (Smokin' all deads)
They know it's forty-one ways to get paid
I got a baddie, she look like Mulatto (Grrah-grrah, boom, bitch)
Wit' the legs, drinkin' Henny, no chaser (Damn)
Bitch is dumb if she think I'ma chase her (Grrah-grrah, boom)
Don't wanna f*ck, on bro, I won't make her
Put the beam to his face if he play wit' my paper (Grrah-grrah, boom)
Ayy yo, Preme, boom that nigga (Damn)
Uppin' the what? Remove that nigga (Damn)
I'm not into politickin' on the media (Brrt)
Ain't no talkin', boom that nigga, look (Grrah-grrah, boom)

I be geekin', I tote on a what? (What?)
Shorty a thottie, she don't give a f*ck (She don't give a f*ck, like)
She be tweakin', she shakin' her butt (Grrah-grrah, boom)
And that boy is a cheetah, the way that he run (Gang-gang-gang)
He-He dumb, he a bot
Bitch on my body, she totin' my gun (Grrah-grrah, boom)
You run, don't stop
You feelin' hot, you get sent to the sun (Yeah)
He tried to diss so we made 'em deleted (Gang-gang-gang)
41, and we still undefeated (Glah-glah, boom)
Get on the scene, make it hotter than Phoenix (Gang-gang-gang)
Michael Jackson, she want me to beat it (Goddamn)
She a baddie, and shorty conceited (Grrah-grrah)
I told her I love her, but I do not mean it (Grrah-grrah, boom)
I be geekin', I only see red (Red)
She like, "Jenny, you know that I'm fiendin'"
And you know I'ma keep me a tool, it stay right by my side, call me Nicki Mi

naj, damn (Like, damn)
Think he tough, now he in a garage (Grrah-grrah)
Rollin' up while she give a massage (Grrah-grrah, boom)
I'm too active, I turn up the spot (Gang-gang-gang)
He think he tough, he got shot on the block (Grrt, bow)
Please don't try to be somethin' you not (Grrt-grrt)
I'm like a chef and I'm stirrin' the pot (Yeah)
If he think he a demon, we showin' no sympathy
Like, damn, bullets is slippery (Bullets is slippery, damn)
I told niggas to get out the way (Grrah-grrah, glah-glah)
You and yo' homie get shot in ya face (Grrah-grrah, boom)
I'm a demon, you cannot get rid of me
Shorty be tweakin', the knock on her waist (Waist, like)
Not 41, better stay in your place (Place, like)
Like, call me Tay-K, I'm runnin' a race (Grrah-grrah, grrah-grrah)